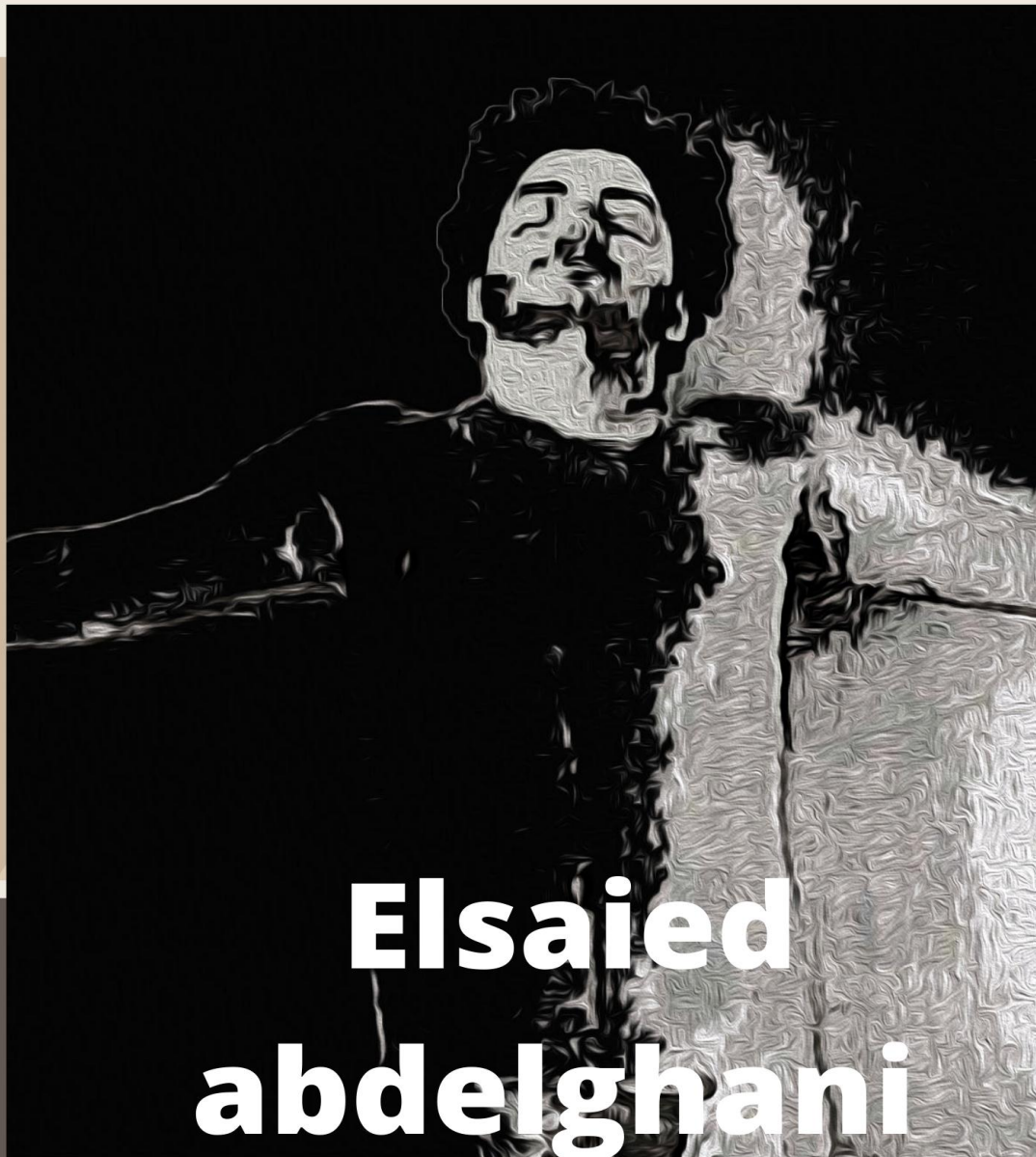


# **GAME OF NULL**



# **Game of null**

**Elsaied abdelghani**

## To a muse

I'm feeling you deeply lately,  
I don't know why,  
But I guess the aesthetic locked unknown is copying  
your existence in my heart.  
I don't belong to any philosophical school  
But you know I am very nihilistic man  
And what is happening conquer my solid brain.  
I don't owe even my third eye  
That can't see anything nowadays  
Except some nuggets of meanings.  
I hope I can't send what I wrote  
I hope I can't be naked in front of on your vision.  
It's not metaphors I write,  
Or it's not metaphors that haven't deeply feelings.  
Now I want to dance

In front of you  
In front of your khold eyelashes.  
I know it's weired  
But weirdness is the heart of people who are filled  
with unknowns.

## Strange land

In this strange land that I don't conquer its roots yet

And the conquering by writing maybe about its  
details.

I saw your eyes that inspired cosmos in the  
imagination.

People are strange until insides unit in a meaning

People are strange only if they don't meet in the  
aesthetic of eternal light

On the shores of love.

Let's pray to the poetry

Because it collets always the coloured unknowns.

I am a pure nothingness

That Gets crazy all the time to be figured as  
everything

So give me your hand and let's create our world.

What I wrote is your beauty illegal right.

## Curse

I violated everything in my world

It became my identity over the course of my entire  
time

I burnt the butterflies that housed me

And the aesthetics that made me feel pleasure

And all of my wings are in the zone of death I have  
set it,

I grew up in loneliness

And I died in it

I wrote the Destruction by my hand

Am I created from the chemistry of the resurrection?

I was cursed from the world, people, and gods

And the Curse is erect and deep.

It is all I have

Mystical stations open

Fake harbors punctured.

I bury my face in my bed

In order to enter my private rare luxury  
To lick my stricken soul  
And the drunken remains of my stumbling block.  
I am lost in myself, in pain, in my wandering  
I am looking for someone in the land of no one  
I am looking for any goddess to talk to me  
Who doesn't have a world to run.  
I am a wolf with a nature of a deer,  
A deer with a nature of a wolf.  
No one has taken care of me since I was born in the  
woods  
Only strange instincts  
I do not protect its flow.  
I disobeyed my spiritual elements and kinship with  
sincere erasure.  
I'll cut through the bone of the world to find you  
I'll be consuming my crazy, stray ink

In the world's cells, hours, customs, and borders

I want your chemistry to test my waste

To show the scene of the allegiance of the global  
system to the last chaos together

My closets are open to you,

My Sentimental box,

And the narration of my secret.

What does death do in poetic people?

It keeps me away from wanting to talk to your  
spectrum.

Many esoteric wars lead to the death of my love to  
the world

I have clairvoyance that you are an eternal broad  
escape to the darkness of reality and imagination.

I have a single wing that has a fracture suspended in  
one shoulder

I have Behalf of the absolute and the other half of  
absolute in you



I have a provocative beginning from a feminine  
ending,

Do I realize my grief while seeing you, and realize my  
extreme loneliness?

Do I realize that I must be without more banks to fall  
into your universe?

I look long at the last, non-formal kingdom

And blind and I see again your spectrum,

My visuals are all imprisoned in your face, his  
perceptions, and his shedding

No, I will not shy away from creating a coincidence  
of our meeting

As an innocent plant in the barren land of fate

I will release my meanings towards you

And this cosmic pain I will replace by the expression,

Stop the quarrels, my words

Enough plural me, authority

I clashed with its wandering port without slowing  
down

And I climbed in my absence to the roof of my  
presence and disclosed to her.

Who will be able to repair my denotational  
excitation?

Who Insecure this complete full drawing of a sad  
god?

Who would be me and make me up again?

Who will veil me and expose me without fear and  
with many details?

What is my house? What is my exile?

I wore black and drowned in any dark hue in my  
mind?

Crossing over to you in your seclusion hidden in the  
corners of the imaginary universe

Is killing to all types of my death

Let's mix our melancholy,

The pure dawn is at the farthest point in our  
conscience

Let's peace the tentacles of fate,  
go up and go down on the chandeliers of the lines,  
and record what was found in our imaginations

Recreating the life made of our pain.

I am a flame in a cup of flesh and bone

In a cup of existence and null being mixed

Elaborate fiery and woven with pain craft and skill

Messy paths, my hugs, and my miracles.

Our bones, our flesh, our blood, our insides, our  
tremors will fuse

And the structures of our absence and our absence,

We touch the signs, wills, visuals, and narrations of  
each other.

I will get lost in your eternity

And you will get lost in eternity

Uninterrupted.

On the shades of some of us, we inscribe poetry in  
extreme reverence

We create a secret for ourselves...

Laced in the vein of antonomasia and metaphor,  
I did not stop watching my absolute as he discussed  
null over my identity.

I slipped off the world's fabric, pore, and chemistry

From his defeat and calamity

And I created my interwoven world

With a new defeat and a new calamity.

## Solitude

You live in my solitude  
That frightens the world too much  
I open my eyes  
And close my conscience  
I need to see solitude in other people,  
To rescue my darkness from life.  
I believe in your eyes  
Because something musical gets out from it.  
I believe in your body  
Because immortality keeps poetry alone in it.  
I believe in your labyrinth  
Because it leads to my sorrow.  
I want to destroy your silence  
And follow you in the fog  
To meet bergman who acts in the hell  
And tarkovsky who shouts by my name and yours.

My horizon gets dark from time to time

But you are in the gap

Between my soul and my body.

I will leave you destroyed

On the gate of nebula

And will not get closer to the blind death.

I don't own existence

But I own nothingness.

Nothingness is a lot of mirrors

that marry in onself.

the non insasive poems run

from your right eye to the left

and it never founds home

Except when I kill the distance

Between your eyes and my eyes.

My solitude commits suicide

Every time I see you.

Destruction condoles my soul

And I found its roots in you.

I will enter the life

When I die

And will enter the death

When I kiss you.

I want to widen the death

To include our souls in the frightened letter.

## Dream Dawn

There is something in your eyes  
That sharpens melancholy,  
Eating the space of my meditation  
Murdering the curtains in my consciousness.

I feel like a whole existence  
When I listen to the sound of the wind  
that carries your smell ,  
Dream dawn  
Of the question about the core of everything ,  
Attached her unconscious to mine  
To bring the answer  
From the grave of truth .  
I am an imagination land to her silence



A dark secret that she will discover on the next  
autumn,

My subcontractor knows whom their insides are the  
waves of rain,

Draw the dead sky

Drop of blood on the body of doves,

I am your pain

And you are my prison

The pain is infinite and eternal

And the prison too.

Collect all your life tears

All your shadows on the virgin paper

All the skies in your head

All your Philosophical non-Sense in your inside

And come to the total metaphor

To me

The only unknown that is visible .

There is conspiracy now  
Among my characters  
Someone I called yeti  
said: go to her and unveil your dreams about cellar  
of creation  
And you're whole  
She already carries the dust of dead god,  
Someone else he came always to my dreams  
Said to me  
Watch what you feel  
Your existence lineage to your labyrinth of feeling ,  
She will go in your folds  
In your despair texture  
In your construction of birth from nothingness  
Take your wounded destruction  
To the wind she created,  
Take your ruins of absolute.

I didn't find in the end of any feeling or idea  
Except null  
Even the idea of null,  
I didn't pray before commit suicide,  
I didn't follow my mind and arrived to any fact,  
I won't count my sighs now  
Because you blow in my troubled thinking.  
The beauty of things makes me sad  
Because it tells me often that the resurrection of  
dark  
Will kill everything  
Even my non selected feelings to you .  
I catch madness, poetry, crime , emptiness, and you  
In the wallet of death  
In the body of mirage,  
I will die with my wrath on poetry although  
It gave me time to think to be.

## Chaos

Your eyes are burning with the beauty of death

Like the chaos which created existences

I see them as an inspiration to any poetic viewer

They are prepared well with despair

Engineered with the holy blue ink

To catch the words from my feeling.

I have something in my depth

You should see

A solitude that holds remains of broken cages

Within them

A flower is stained with the blood of my melancholy.

On the body of the night

At the gates of dark

Your confused spectrum

Takes me to the tree of whole

Where you wear my words  
And we climb together to the great brightness.

The legacy of pain from borders of existence  
I hold it in my earth shattering soul  
I collect it from facts and the awareness's of gods  
From the subconscious of the rules  
I dance in the funeral of poetry with you  
I fight every thing  
To be myself,  
I search you in everything  
In the colors of sky  
In the graves of meanings  
In the extraction of extraction of beauty  
In the weirdness of probability to be in you alone  
In the heeltap of void  
In the foam of horizon

In the energy and will of creation  
I found you in the arteries and the formation of all  
these things.

Confused coincidence let us meet

In a board of time

On a paper of it

Meeting of souls has a lot of types

Meeting physical with bodies

And spiritually with the unknown of each other

With the depressed ashes

I don't see you but I feel your absence and your  
presence

I will feel you all my seconds

I write in or not

In my terrifying, drunk, brewing latent

I keep you with nuggets of absolute.

I created a flower from my leather to you

I wrote a poem by my blood to you  
There is nothing that warms up my inside even hot  
water of poetry.

I am not a green soul

I am a hole

Big hole

Reconditioned with melancholy

I entered you prison

And I strayed in it

I am happy to jump from your land

To your water

I will commit suicide in the altar of your dream.

Meanings are what filling up the flask of entity

Words are only cover

Imagine

All this poetry is the cover only.

You are my invisible

My unlimited

My infinite

My absolute

My fog.

I am the bat on the smoke

That shouts with its wings

To hurt the weirs.



## Poetry

There are no rituals to poetry  
Or describing you  
Or any organizer chaos  
I follow only my sin  
And breathe from the tomb of feeling  
I cut the fertile vacuum  
Into lost insides  
In one of them  
There is your solitude.  
I make your spectrum every night  
I gave it life from my unknown absolute  
And through it in my subconscious.  
In my alienation  
I erased every road to the world

Every shadow of any community prison

Every light from dead sky

Except the torn road to you.

You are to wonder

To the lonely god

To the question

To the last line in every poem I write

To the rhythm of the last

To where

To when .

## My angry caves

My angry caves, stare at the world

Let your dark, hidden shits in the streets.

Back the world's people and gods in your bucket

Hold your revolutionary wallpapers

Let the losers' clowns' clap in the circus of whole.

All the roads kicked me out

And even the crossroad did,

Kicked me to the inner

Come in the castaway inners

Come in all the castaways.

Every day , I am travelling and that what keeps me  
alive

In the choices of my consciousnessness

Of the possible puzzling.

I am watching the long closed passages to my inner

I'm killing the shit of the big world with my own  
small tiny shit

And, I'm getting my rest of me from the well of  
infinity.

## Lyric face

You have a lyric face  
From the ruins of the first formation  
Have a great poetic inspiration  
Buried in the coffin of my vision  
There is no curb in it  
To your undersigned soul  
Like a small virgin flower  
In a waterless orchard  
Will we meet in our insides?  
And approach  
Fascinated our bodies  
Thirsty our soul?  
Enter my chaos, my void  
Lie down in the skulls of my inside  
In my colors and in my language

I'm waiting for warmth of your body  
For your exit from reasonable  
You are the melted poetry in the horizon  
You are the light in the deep soles of existence  
I will give you my interior as an offering  
My madness  
My darkness.

## Melancholia

You are the last snowflake that commits a lot of  
paintings in my dark consciousness more than one  
night

I saw your face and get drowning in formation  
Once you kiss the flowers that get out from my heart  
Once you are goddess of creation who the entire  
universe is your artworks.

i know that i 'am buried in Melancholia

And i 'am a producer of its dark

But pain Bites all the meanings .

Your spectrum has a great value mass in everywhere  
i imagine

It looks like the spectrum of Sufi god to his dervish.

I will give you all my universes in poems

So keep your heart open

The world is too cold without someone to be praying  
to .

## **Our invisible**

Nothing can block our invisible from unite

You can see me in the semantics of my metaphor

You can realize me although the distance that  
separate our bodies

We will create the unknown road by our will to  
overcome the prison of time and place

I'm a very complicated man but love is a the great  
mirror that clarify the woods in my heart

I get abandoned by the people I always love

By dreams I hold once

By the signs of god

So I became an epic



## Alone

I'm alone between the whole  
How can i link my soul by any of your pure threads?  
I'm domesticated because of your close spectrum  
I'm in pain because of your distant Geographic  
existence.

Come close to my melancholic heart

To my verses of decay

Hold my wide indications

Hug my Affiliation.

We are two types of fog

That mix in the place of passion.

Let's shine

Let's disappear

In the dust of poetry.

Where is the dream?

Where is my identity ?

Whole had been pulverize in me

We are the universes that has been left on the last  
shore.

In me, a throne of mirrors  
All of it reflects its invisible  
All of it floating around your soul.

## Symbol

In your face there are symbols and signs to love

On your lips there is the water of damaged first  
question

Do you mind dancing with my soul on the edge of  
infinity?

Do you mind if i kiss your spectrum to kill the pain of  
world?

Do you mind trying to catch the beats of my  
involving heart?

I'm alone with your being now

I have renounced the world.

## Secrets

Do you fly between the dusts of stars?

Do you owe the sanctum of lovers?

The secrets of aesthetic are burning in your tired  
eyes

The meanings of poetry .

Overflow your presence on every damaged soul

The world is dissolving in apocalypse.

Your essence is the inner visible to my poetic home

In my loneliness...

## A bird

A bird reveals secrets of cosmos to everything

Reveals freedom's emotions to the hearts of  
prisoners

Creates with its wings the yearning to the journey of  
meaning

Do you feel my decay?

Do you tell the highest that it is my home?

Do you need my soul's rubble to build your nest?

Every bird has the gene of poetry

Every bird has the chemistry of absolute essence.

## Tattoo

On the morning

I tattooed the light by your face

Hug it

Kiss it

Dance on front of it

Make it as eternal side to look.

My heart is full of dark

After nightmares I live in it and die

Without you beside me.

I have a great certainty that your Sufism will flood  
my nihilism

Make my leaves coloured again.

I have a great certainty that your essence is a dream  
to the cells of my meanings

So I write and write

And read you everyday as I read the sun.

Come on to unite  
To string the new cosmos of creators  
I blow out when I feel you  
Like blowing out of orchid.  
We are one that cannot be divided  
Love united us  
Is there a home to the lover except poetry?



## **To exercise labyrinth**

How can i enter your occult inside?

It's a journey from me to anyone

But it's a move toward you

Just open the library of spectrum.

Poetic people are united in the metaphor

Understand each other with symbols and signs

I just need the tone of your heart

To exercise labyrinth, drive my whole crazy.

## **The meanings of universes**

You reproduce the meanings of universes

Spin it to create insensible home to the unlimited  
random bubble.

Is what you contain will understand what i contain?

World makes rankings to block understanding of the  
essence of what opposed its power.

I run away to you from hideous imagination  
creatures

From people who discard my Aesthetic

You are a way out of what torture me.

I embraced occultation because of asceticism of my  
soul in known.

You are welcomed to enter my well

Naked from the world and its damaged verses.

Let's free ourselves from time and space

Float in the dream of flower.

## **The harmful truth**

I produce what the world fear the most

The harmful truth

So I was abandoned by gods and man in the  
outdoors of madness.

I know myself as another

I know the world as an enemy.

The world tortures me

Because I ruined its laws

Because I was me not it

Because I wrote my suppressed without any fear

Because I created my loneliness from my pain from it  
without seeking help

Because it can't prison me in worship to its powers

Because I don't use myself in its matrix

Because I reject its fate.

## **the Manifestation of your unknown**

The Manifestation of your unknown drowns my  
Beyond and my now.

It fructifies all my different identities.

How can I guide all my meanings into language?

To make you feel my thunder and lightning?

How can the destructive land of my heart bear your  
inspiration?

We, the poets, the children of unreasonable live with  
our selected spectrum until we flamed

I write to you now from the last atom in my  
existence

Verses against all the distances.

Would we mix our infinities?

To form or destroy the divided laws of the world?

When you will shade my denial of everything

Under the effect of will of creation?

Do you allow me to obey my heart and love you?

World is a sign to something mysterious

This all i know about it.

It is just a peel on a peel ending with great  
emptiness.

## Questions

Why pain go after my heart

Like the flute goes after the Ecstatic?

Meaning wells went bankrupt

And the tools of creation too.

Where is my existence?

Did i disappear in the game of null?

I'm the Hermeneutics of whole  
That creates the new existences  
With color and letter.

let

Let what divide you into thrills

Let maps that figure your inside into countries of  
void.

Let what you Possess even your language

Let your unfinished stories

Let the exile been.



## **Complex ecstasy**

I live on imaginations that pouring visible of  
formation and abstractions

To all i have tried out in my life.

I live on the contents of my heart

That will last even i died.

I live on complex ecstasy of metaphors.

I think the only thing that may prove that I'm alive is  
the pain of essence.

## Sufi

I don't have anything in me except you and my  
unbelief.

I don't shelter you in my ecstasy or pain.

I don't have except your dimensions and my way out

I don't have when I witness you except my heart

I don't have except my heart.

In vain any path, I take to you

In vain my unbelief and faith.

You forbid me of your loneliness

And I don't.

You forbid me of your whole

And I don't.

I hate your followers

I'm the mortal, the will without a doubt of having  
any other will

You left me and I see you as you were around

Wake off me.

I swear by my loneliness on your loneliness  
That my love is because of your pain, not my pain  
And my mortality in you because of my love, not  
your love.

I swear by you. Oh, the Taboo of ontology and  
metaphysics

That my evil's mix is from my wanting to find  
meanings

And my conflicting with you because of your  
common and personal blocking.

When you use your power on me

And defeated my contain of unbelief

Raped my language by your light?

I am the drought and you are the green

I'm destructive and you are the creator

I'm the language and you are the meaning

Take your whole from me and perish me

Take your whole from dervishes and perish yourself

It's the ecstasy of touching my reason and your  
reason

Time will not pour a minute after

And the son of your pain takes his love and perish  
him too with us

My skin wrinkles from your light.

His skin wrinkles from your fire.

Unite your divisions

And don't miss an atom.

I drunk and not imagine except you

I had enough and no one thirsty me except you

Which abstraction are you that one cannot realize?

Which place do I throw away my whole in it?

Which loneliness that doesn't dispense with  
blocking?

I who live on creation and destruction doesn't know .

Forgive my passionate remoteness

and migration of instinct to others not the will

Forgive me seeing else

And my limited heart keeps you in

And the revolution of my hands on your inspiration

And hyper creation of your spectrum

And my cease from your light

Forgive me the creation of your negation

And waste your love

Forgive me my will in your unknown

And abasement of the world and meaning in your  
hands.

What do you owe from all over the world?

- The power of taking free inspiration from anything
  - Unbelief mystics
  - Tricks of meanings

I destroyed my loneliness  
To walk in you only barefoot  
To dream with you at the non-engineered inside  
I shouted by your name in front of the world  
Leaved all my prisons and buried them.  
I searched you in everything  
Your verses that light up my well-protected  
darkness.  
I loved you without questions  
Like whole want whole

## Lost

I'm lost in what i can't revolve in your eyes

I read your secrets from your creation

i drown in its inspiration

Creation unites the major of our identity.

I need always your visible and your unknown to still  
alive

Beside the will of creation which the world kills.

Your spectrum is set up at the altar of my cosmos

My dervishes are floating around it.

i know I'm mad of metaphors

I'm poisoned by recycling reality worlds in my mind.

I don't owe anything except meanings

Would you come close?

I sow my unexpressed in the distance between your  
reading and between imaginations.



A body full of insomnia, sneezing from the beginning  
and not ending

And a world full of false sides that disappear in love  
and you don't see.

I reach an unseen from an unseen

And the known are lost signs

Canopy is more powerful than language

And knowledge is a reflection of chaos.

The asceticism papers the beyond

And takes the eye away of world

The story is hard in the chest

And the hands rarely give birth

Place is a point in my eyes

Not safe from my pain

And I'm an endless cytoplasmic.

There is no replacement  
For the words of the souls outside the bodies  
And not to walk in between.

My mysticism often overcomes my nihilism and i sink  
into love that isn't navigable, beyond human beings,  
around me, and in private roommates. Blackness is  
been injured by a point of light and preys and  
imposes the sun.

## When you created me

When you created me

My eyes were blind

And only my heart was seeing

So take me back.

When you created me

I was excited to love you

And now my pain is his final depth.

When you created me

I have never been alone

And now I am all alone.

When you created me

I didn't need to create you

Cause I was feeling you.

When you created me

I conquered your light  
And your heart  
And your loneliness.  
When you created me  
You allow me to carry you  
And i betrayed what i carried  
When you created me  
I didn't deserve it  
And you didn't deserve my infidelity.  
When you created me  
I was hungry to your pulsation  
And you took me away alone with my weakness.

## Says the Lord

"Says the Lord:

In the beginning, the shadow was overthrown all  
things

And the soul dwells in the hidden details

Until the orbit breaks

And the circle peeled off

And for the first time the Creator touched His  
creation.

At first I was hungry

Blood in my veins

And love in my heart.

I am the doer in everything

And there is no other voice in the void

I'm so busy with creating myself

And i didn't induce to abstain my divinity.

And my only trouble is language

Tear me up and leave me alone.



## Imagination

\*

I imagine my existence against everything  
sometimes

I imagine my existence is everything

I imagine my existence is the world.

I knew you imperfect, deceptive and imaginary

And you knew me completely, lost and sad

And my knowing is an accident

And your knowing is old.

All i have in the stomach of my existence

From the bottom of your infinity,

And my loneliness is a bridge to your unity.

All that I've abstracted

I am filled with its essence,

All that I have embody  
I was full of his body,  
And I had not enough of decrease

Frames

Of Creation

Don't be over

In the poet

Until it crosses all species of beings and gods.

I treat my dots as I treat the world  
I treat the veil as I treat nothing  
And the love in my eyes is endless.

I didn't pack a thing  
I put it all in writing  
Even the nails of a cross  
Sleeping in the poem.

I saw the vision until things left their appearances  
and appeared with essence

I saw I didn't even need a language to describe it

And the history of the meaning of the world was  
corrupted.

An aesthetically illogical energy benefits in resisting  
black philosophical ideas, so when I do not see  
paintings or cinema or read poetry, I am actually  
sucked out of blackness.

Having philosophical free load and not expressing it  
is like a volcano in order not to scratch a mirage.



If your cross is uncomfortable  
Don't go to another cross.

The vision expanded until I connected to everything  
and associated with nothing.

The word is a jungle that does not rely on its writer,  
its reader, or its native.

The exile is a self-description of objects; this is its  
final and first picture.

The best self-pleasure that I feel without the involvement of anyone on any pleasure in which the partnership or excitement of another, because the ecstasy of the other separates my eyes and makes me question my absolute incompetence..

Nietzsche, one whip is not enough for himself or the world; all the tools of torture are required.

You see my picture that has set all cultural, societal  
and religious standards... Etc. doesn't think it's me;  
I'm more naked and wilder.

Most of the poetry is the relief of loneliness  
Fold the previous potential with its scents  
And facing emotional memory with heartbreak  
Most poems are fire in language  
And in contrast to the falsehood.



A woman is beautifully sweetened by her skin, with her open eyes, lustful, and ginger, with her black jealous eyeliner and her puffy lips. Her loneliness is sweet, her conditions and her load of pain.

My lips look for yours in the abhorrent night  
glorifying everything inside, the warmth that is seen  
and the story that God told of His majesty and  
betrayed her for the sake of His unity and left her  
son on his cross.

What after all these closed doors?  
Alone didn't believe anything so surprised  
Poetry readings for the blind

I write when I find the language as a crook, but when  
I find it a companion of cosmic power, I burn it and  
burn points.

My body the form that formation presented me and  
language the part that I presented myself into  
existence, while I am a bigger mystery that descends  
and descends into the world.

Freedom that does not confront the sacred, freedom  
that spins and revolves around emptiness.

The purest form of the poet is found in the mad, the dervish, and the prostitute, and all of them are endlessly extremes in a path, with no importance to anything but discovery.

Your freedom  
In concurring yourself  
Will abort what you haven't seen



The origin of the scene is blank.

The Origin of the meaning is veil.

The origin of the creature is a prison.

The Origin of the Creator is solitude.

The Origin of the journey is its formation.

The origin of inevitability is a loving insight.

I have become quite  
Sitting in the cafe for hours alone  
Watching the future apocalypse in everything.

History of poetry, history of madness and revolution.  
Madness because it activates the metaphor, and  
revolution because it manifests it.

I have always thought that philosophers transfer the metaphorical level of the world in which chaos manifests itself to a clear theater, digging and stripping the horizontal and vertical to the eye of most.

I regret like all free languages self-aware of  
expressing anything.

The one who witnessed you left you may be afraid of your essence, and the one who did not witness you left you, for the originality of his ego, and you left yourself because you hurt your pride. Is it really possible to know oneself and express knowledge linguistically? Can self-confined to suspicious inevitability names? Is there an unsuspecting title for inevitability? Who am I? I don't really know though the usual answer is possible, but I point to a maze and maze.

The cruelty that I suffer

The cruelty of being a part of the first

Who started the appearance of whole by a rose?

My eyes are open  
At experimental poetry goals in the streets  
I cancelled its radiation treatments  
And it went to the out-of-language signs.



I don't announce myself on the scene  
Only when its colors are blacked out  
And in the paper that erases the sides of the world.

I tormented all my creation like God  
But I didn't cast out my demons  
Instead I grabbed his heart.  
Cursed by the Earth's mythology  
And the absorption of the waters from all the  
magician family.

Psychological cruelty on self, a desire to find light  
fast after the age of the hidden.

Paths may take you to the same point but that's not it, it's not the same journey, it's just not the same pain and intensity.

What knowledge will you survive from this ruin?

Which Identity?

The ability to visualize is destroyed by its extortion.

. . .

I got rid of the body  
And become a lonely dot.

\*

The one who went to solitude  
Know the state of the meaning  
Close to his sadness.

God oppressed me because they knew my essence  
from the beginning,  
And the people I've been persecuted by the chaos  
oppressed me too,  
I oppressed myself because I hated my absolute  
darkness.

Persecution was a kind of accountability and  
blackmail for my existence, and it is a matter of  
provocation of null.



How do I disappear from everywhere?

How do I look in all the finals scenes?

How do I get rid of the secret?

I reached the whole from myself

And the symbol of my journey is pain.

I'm the horizon

Packed with fake features

And many forms of cells  
My appearance is a burden on my back  
And my "self" against my reality.

\*

The sad eye is the source of light  
And the beginning of everything to fall into beauty.

\*

Poetry persecutes any dimension fixed in,  
persecutes any monstrous vision towards any  
migration in any possible or radius.

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